

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



LINDA AT HER EARLY MORNING WORK.

CEDAR CREEK;

FROM THE SHANTY TO THE SETTLEMENT.
A TALE OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A CUT, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WHAT could be the matter? Ponto, at all events, seemed to think it of much importance, for he never ceased to pull their skirts and whine an entreaty, and go through the pantomime of running

off in a great hurry—never farther than the thresh-old—until he saw the girls put on their cloaks and hoods. Gravely he sat on his tail, looking at them with patient eyes, and, when the door was opened, sprang off madly towards the pond.

"Could Reginald have sent him for anything? Something might have happened to Reginald. Ponto never came home in that way before. Could a tree have fallen on Reginald?" and Jay's small

No. 492.—MAY 30, 1861.

hand shivered in Linda's, at the thought. They hurried after the dog, over the spotless surface of snow, into the charred forest, where now every trunk and bough of ebony seemed set in silver. Thither Reginald had gone to chop at noon, in a little fit of industry. They were guided to the spot by the sad whinings of faithful Ponto, who could not comprehend why his master was lying on the ground, half against a tree, and what meant that large crimson stain deepening in the pure snow.

A desperate axe-cut in his foot—this was the matter. Linda almost turned sick at the sight; but Jay, compressing her white lips very firmly, to shut in a scream, knelt down by her brother.

He had succeeded, with infinite effort, in drawing off his long leathern boot, through which the axe had penetrated, and had been trying to bind his neckcloth tightly above the ankle. Jay helped him with all her little strength.

"Give me a stick," said he hoarsely—"a strong stick;" Linda flew to find one. "Something to make a tourniquet;" and, not readily seeing any wood to answer the want, she used his axe, stained as it was, to chop a branch from the single tree he had felled. She had never tried her strength of arm in this way before; but now the axe felt quite light, from her excitement. Before the stick could be ready, in her unpractised fingers, Jay cried out, "Oh, Linda, he is dying; he has fainted!"

Still, she had common sense to know that the first necessity was to stop the bleeding; so, quieting the little sister by a word or two, she inserted the stick in the bandage above the ankle, and turned it more than once, so as to tighten the ligament materially. Looking at the pallid features, another thought struck her.

"Let us heap up snow round the wounded foot and leg; I'm sure the cold must be good for it;" and, with the axe for their only shovel, the two girls gathered a pile of frozen snow, as a cushion and covering to the limb—"Oh, if Edith was here! if Edith was here!" being Jay's suppressed cry.

"Where is the labourer, whom I saw working on the farm?"

"Gone away; discharged last week. Papa said he couldn't afford to pay him any longer. That's why Reginald went out to chop to-day. Oh, Linda, I wish somebody came. He is lying so white and still; are you sure he is not dead?"

His head was on the little sister's lap, and Linda chafed the temples with snow. Would the sleigh-bells ever be heard? She longed for help of some sort. As to surgery, there was not a practitioner within thirty miles. What could be done with such a bad hurt as this, without a surgeon?

A universal slight shudder, and a tremor of the eyelids, showed that consciousness was returning to the wounded man. Almost at the same instant Ponto raised his head, and ran off through the trees, whining. A man's footsteps were presently heard coming rapidly over the crisp snow. It was Mr. Holt; and a mountain load of responsibility and dread was lifted from Linda's mind at the sight of him. This was not the first time that she had

felt in his presence the soothing sense of confidence and restfulness.

He could not help praising them a little for what they had done with the primitive tourniquet and the styptic agency of the snow. Beyond tightening the bandage by an additional twist or two of the inserted stick, he could do nothing more for the patient till he was removed to the house; but he began collateral help by cutting poles for a litter, and sent Jay and Linda for straps of bass-wood bark to fasten them together. When the sleigh at last came up the avenue, Mr. Wynn the elder helped him to carry young Armytage home, wherein Sam Holt's great physical strength carefully bore two-thirds of the dead weight.

It seemed that he had been chopping up that fir for firewood, perhaps without giving much thought to his work, when the axe, newly sharpened before he came out, caught in a crooked branch, which diverted almost the whole force of the blow on his own foot. Well was it that Mr. Holt, in his erratic education, had chosen to pry into the mysteries of surgery for one session, and knew something of the art of putting together severed flesh and bone; although many a dreadful axe-wound is cured in the backwoods, by settlers who never heard of a diploma, but nevertheless heal, with herbs and bandages, which would excite the scornful mirth of a clinical student.

Thus began a long season of illness and weakness for the young man, so recently in the rudest health and strength. It was very new to his impetuous spirit, and very irksome, to lie all day in the house, not daring to move the injured limb, and under the shadow of Zack Bunting's cheerful prediction, that he guessed the young fellow might be a matter of six or eight months a-lyin' thar, afore sich a big cut healed, ef he warn't lamed for life.

Reginald chafed, and grumbled, and sulked, for many a day; but the fact could not be gainsaid; those divided veins and tendons and nerves must take long to unite again. Mr. Holt found him one morning in such an unquiet mood.

"Armytage," said he, after the usual attentions to the wound, "I suppose you consider this axe-cut a great misfortune?"

"Misfortune!" and he rose on his elbow in one of the fifty positions he was wont, for very restlessness, to assume. "Misfortune! I should think I do: nothing much worse could have happened. Look at the farm, without a hand on it, going to rack and ruin——"

Rather a highly-coloured picture; and Reginald seemed to forget that, while his limbs were whole, he had devoted them almost entirely to amusement. Mr. Holt heard him out patiently.

"I should not be surprised if it proved one of the best events of your life," he observed; "that is, if you will allow it to fulfil the object for which it was sent."

"Oh, that's your doctrine of a particular Providence," said the other peevishly, lying back again.

"Yes; my doctrine of a particular Providence, taught in every leaf of the Bible. Now, Armytage, look back calmly over your past life, and forward,

whither you were drifting, and see if the very kindest thing that could be done for you by an all-wise and all-loving God was not to bring you up suddenly, and lay you aside, and *force* you to think. Beware of trying to frustrate his purpose."

Mr. Holt went away immediately on saying that, for he had no desire to amuse Reginald with an unprofitable controversy which might ensue, but rather to lodge the one truth in his mind, if possible. Young Armytage thought him queer and methodistical; but he could not push out of his memory that short conversation. Twenty times he resolved to think of something else, and twenty times the dismissed idea came round again, and the calm forcible words visited him, "Beware of trying to frustrate God's purpose."

At last he called to his sister Edith, who was busy at some housework in the kitchen, across a little passage.

"Come here; I want to ask you a question. Do you think that I am crippled as a punishment for my misdeeds, idleness, etcetera?"

"Indeed I do not," she answered with surprise. "What put such a thought into your head?"

"Holt said something like it. He thinks this axe-cut of mine is discipline—perhaps like the breaking-in which a wild colt requires; and as you and he are of the same opinion in religious matters, I was curious to know if you held this dogma also."

She looked down for a moment. "Not quite as you have represented it," she said. "But I do think that when the Lord sends peculiar outward circumstances, he intends them to awake the soul from indifference, and bring it to see the intense reality of invisible things. Oh, Reginald," she added, with a sudden impulse of earnestness, "I wish you felt that your soul is the most precious thing on earth."

He was moved more than he would have cared to confess, by those tearful eyes and clasped hands; he knew that she went away to pray for him, while about her daily business. More serious thoughts than he had ever experienced were his that afternoon; Jay could not avoid remarking—in private—on his unusual quietude. Next morning, he found a Bible beside his bed, laid there by Edith, he had no doubt; but for a long time she could not discover whether he ever looked into it.

When Mr. Holt left the country, he gave Robert Wynn charge of the patient, mentally as well as corporeally. He knew that Robert's own piety would grow more robust for giving a helping hand to another.

Somehow, the Yankee storekeeper was very often hanging about Daisy Burn that winter. Captain Armytage and he were great friends. That gallant officer was, in Zack's parlance, "the colonel," which brevet-rank I suppose was flattering, as it was never seriously disclaimed. He was king of his company in the tavern-bar at the "Corner;" and few days passed on which he did not enjoy that bad eminence, while compounding "brandy-smash," "rum-salad," "whisky-skin," or some other of the various synonyms under which the demon of drink ruins people in Canada.

But where did the Captain find cash for this? The fact is, he never paid in ready money; for that was unknown to his pockets, and very rare in the district. He paid in sundry equivalents of produce; and a nice little mortgage might be effected on his nice little farm of Daisy Burn, if needs be. Zack held his greedy grasping fingers over it; for the family were obliged to go a good deal in debt for sundry necessities. Slave and scrape as Miss Armytage might, she had no way of raising money for such things as tea and coffee. Once she attempted to make dandelion-roots, roasted and ground, do duty for the latter; but it was stigmatized as a failure, except by loving little Jay. Then, wages must be paid to the Irish labourer, whose services to chop wood, etc., were now absolutely necessary. Meat was another item of expense. A large store of potatoes was almost the sole provision upon which the household could reckon with certainty; mismanagement and neglect had produced the usual result of short crops in the foregoing season, and their wheat went chiefly to the store, in barter.

"An' ef Zack ain't shavin' the Captin, I guess I'm a Dutchman," remarked a neighbouring settler to Robert. "I reckon a matter of two year 'll shave him out o' Daisy Burn, clear and clean."

But its owner had some brilliant scheme in the future for lifting him free of every embarrassment. Rainbow tints illuminated all prospective pages of Captain Armytage's life.

"Edith, my dear," he would say, if that young lady deprecated any fresh expenditure, or ventured an advice concerning the farm—"Edith, my dear, the main fault of your character is an extraordinary want of the sanguine element, for the excess of which I have always been so remarkable. You know I compare it to the life-buoy, which has held me up above the most tempestuous waves of the sea of existence—eh! But you, my poor dear girl, have got a sad way of looking at things—a gloomy temperament, I should call it, perhaps, eh? which is totally opposite to my nature. Now, as to this beast, which Mr. Bunting will let me have for twenty-eight dollars, a note-of-hand at three months, he is kind enough to say, will do as well as cash. And then, Reginald, my boy, we need drink *café noir* no longer, but can have the proper *café au lait* every morning."

"I don't know who is to milk the cow, sir," said his son, rather bluntly. "Edith is overwhelmed with work already."

"Ah, poor dear! she is very indefatigable." He looked at her patronizingly, while he wiped his well-kept moustache in a handkerchief which she had washed. "Indeed, Edith, I have sometimes thought that such continual exertion as yours is unnecessary. You should think of us all, and spare yourself, my child."

"I do, papa," she answered; whether that she thought of them all, or that she spared herself, she did not explain. Her brother knew which it was.

"That is right, my child. It grieves me to see you condescending to menial offices, unsuitable to your rank and position."

She did not ask, as a less gentle nature would

have asked—who else was to be the menial, if not she?

"That is the worst of a bush life. If I had known how difficult it is to retain one's sphere as a gentleman, I think I should not have exposed myself to the alternative of pecuniary loss, or debasing toil. Perhaps it would be well to walk down to the "Corner" now, and conclude that bargain with our good friend the storekeeper—eh? Is there anything I can do for either of you—eh? Don't hesitate to command me," he added, blandly. "What! you want nothing? A very fortunate pair—very fortunate indeed, eh?" And Captain Armtyage kissed hands out of the room.

"Edith," said her brother, after a pause of some minutes, "my father will be ruined by his confidence in that man. Bunting can twine him round his finger. I am ashamed of it."

She shook her head sadly. But there was no help for the fact that their father was in the toils already; unless, indeed, the debt could be paid off, and the acquaintanceship severed. Hopeless! for the tendencies of a life cannot be remodelled in a day, except by the power of Divine grace.

CHAPTER XL.—JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES.

SLEIGHING was good that year, till the middle of March. Before the season was past, Captain Argent paid a flying visit, on his way to the hunting-grounds, as usual, and on his return, found something so pleasant in the household at Cedar Creek, that he remained many days.

They were all old acquaintances, to be sure, and had many subjects of interest in common. Mr. Wynn the elder, who, perhaps, was imbued with a little of the true Briton's reverence for aristocracy, was pleased to entertain his former neighbour, Lord Scutcheon's son, especially when that young officer himself was endowed with such a frank, genial bearing, as rendered him almost a universal favourite.

Had there ever been more than mere pleasant acquaintanceship between him and Miss Wynn? Rightly or wrongly, Sam Holt fancied it the case. He heard many allusions to former times and incidents, not knowing that as children they had been playmates. The gallant captain's present admiration was pretty plain; and the young lady was amused by it, after the manner of her sex. Being very downright himself, Mr. Holt had no idea how much admiration is required to fill the measure of a proposal of marriage, in a red-coat's resolve, or how much harmless coquetry lies dormant in the sweetest woman.

The precipitate gentleman leaped to sundry conclusions, gathered himself and his fur-robies into his "cutter," and left on the third day of Captain Argent's visit. In her secret heart, I imagine that Linda knew why.

But an engrossing affair to her at this period was the concealment from their visitor of the decidedly active part she took in household duties. Innocent Captain Argent was unaware that the faultless hot bread at breakfast was wrought by her hands; that the omelets and ragoûts at dinner owed her as cook; that the neatness of the little

parlour was attributable to her as its sole housemaid. The mighty maiden called Liberia had enough to do in other departments, outdoor as well as indoor, besides being rather a ponderous person for a limited space.

And so, when Captain Argent one morning pushed open the parlour door long before he ought to have left his apartment, he beheld a figure with short petticoats, wrapt in a grey blouse, and having a hood of the same closely covering her hair, dusting away at the chairs and tables and shelves, with right good-will.

"Now, Georgie, you know that you can't sit here till I have quite finished," said the figure, without turning its head. "Like a good boy, ask Libby to come and build up the fire: ask gently, remember, or she'll not mind you."

The noiseless manner of closing the door caused her first to doubt the identity of the person spoken to, and a very vivid crimson dyed her cheeks, when, Liberia coming in, her blacksmith arms laden with logs, she threw them down with resounding clatter, and said, "Wal, ef that ain't the nicest, soft speakin'est gentleman I ever see! He asked me as perlite for the wood, as he couldn't be perliter ef I war Queen Victory herself."

"How fortunate that I didn't turn round my head," thought Linda, her first confusion over; "for, of all horridly unbecoming things, showing no hair about one's face is the worst." Whence it will be seen that Miss Wynn was not exempt from female vanity.

To the cat thus let out of the bag, Captain Argent made no further allusion than was involved in a sudden fondness for the nursery tale of Cinderella. Every subject of conversation introduced for the morning was tinged by that fairy legend, which tinged Linda's countenance also, rose-colour. Mr. Wynn the elder was slightly mystified; for the topics of promotion by purchase in the army, and the emigration of half-pay officers, seemed to have no leading reference to the above world-famed story.

The dear old gentleman! he did the honours of his small wooden cottage at Cedar Creek as finely as if it had been his own ancestral mansion of Dunore. Their delf cups might have been Dresden, the black-ware tea-pot solid silver, the coarse table-cloth damask—for the very air which he spread around the breakfast arrangements. One might have fancied that he infused an orange-pekoë flavour into the rough muddy congou for which Bunting exacted the highest price. He did not know that the coffee, which he strongly recommended to his guest, was of native Canadian growth, being, to all intents and purposes, dandelion-roots; for you see they were obliged to conceal many of their contrivances from this grand old father. I doubt if he was aware that candles were made on the premises: likewise soap, by Liberia's energetic hands. The dandelion expedient was suggested by thrifty Mrs. Davison, who had never bought a pound of coffee since she emigrated; and exceedingly well the substitute answered, with its bitter aromatic flavour, and pleasant smell. If Captain Argent had looked into the little house-closet, he would have seen a quantity of brownish roots cut up and stored on a shelf. Part

of Linda's morning duty was to chop a certain quantity of these to the size of beans, roast them on a pan, and grind a cupful for breakfast. They cost nothing but the trouble of gathering from among the potato-heaps, when the hills were turned up in autumn, and a subsequent washing and spreading in the sun to dry.

Mrs. Davison would also fain have introduced peppermint and sage tea; but even Zack's bad congou was declared more tolerable than those herb drinks, which many a settler imbibes from year to year.

"Throth, an' there's no distinction o' thrades at all in this country," said Andy; "but every man has to be a farmer, an' a carpenter, an' a cobbler, an' a tailor, an' a grocer itself! There's Misther Robert med an' iligant shute o' canvas for the summer; an' Misther Arthur is powerful at boots; an' sorra bit but Miss Linda spins yarn first-rate, considerin' she never held a distaff before. An' the darlin' missus knits stockings; oh mavrone, but she's the beautiful sweet lady intirely, that ought to be sittin' in her carriage!"

News arrived from Dunore this spring, which Linda fancied would sorely discompose Andy. The Wynns kept up a sort of correspondence with the old tenantry, who loved them much. In an April letter it was stated that the pretty blue-eyed Mary Collins, Andy's betrothed, had been base enough to marry another, last Shrovetide. But the detaching process had gone on at this side of the Atlantic also. Linda was amazed at the apathy with which the discarded lover received the intelligence. He scratched his red head, and looked somewhat bewildered; indulged in a few monosyllabic ejaculations, and half an hour afterwards came back to the parlour to ask her "if she was in airnest, to say that over agin."

"Poor fellow! he has not yet comprehended the full extent of his loss," thought the young lady, compassionately. She broke the news to him once more, and he went away without a remark.

When Arthur came in, she would beg of him to look after the poor suffering fellow. The request was on her lips at his appearance, but he interrupted her with:—

"What do you think of that scamp, Andy, proposing for Libby in my hearing? The fellow told her that his heart was in her keeping, and that she was the light of his life, and grew quite poetical, I assure you; in return for which, he was hunted round the wood-yard with a log!"

And Linda's sympathy expired.

SOCIAL MEMORANDA, BY A WORKING MAN.

NO II.—LOAN SOCIETIES.

A SOMEWHAT less objectionable mode of procuring pecuniary accommodation than visiting "My Uncle" is the borrowing small sums of money, to be repaid by weekly instalments. Facilities for borrowing upon personal security abound in every part of London—a fact which of itself alone proves the profitable nature of the system.

Loan societies or offices are either joint-stock associations or the private speculation of a single individual. In either case every transaction with a borrower is preceded by the chink of money. The first step taken by any one desirous of obtaining cash accommodation from these offices is to procure a printed form of application, for which twopence is charged. On this form, such particulars as amount required, name, address, length of residence, occupation, whether married or single, or whether a borrower or surety elsewhere, have to be distinctly stated. For security, one responsible householder of not less than twelve months' standing is generally required to be bound with the borrower for any sum under five pounds. Similar particulars, as to name, address, etc., of a friend willing to undertake the responsibility of repaying the amount, should the borrower fail to keep up the weekly instalments, must also be given. When the form is correctly filled up, it has to be left at the office with an inquiry fee of one shilling and sixpence, or two shillings and upwards, according to the amount required, distance from the office, etc. This fee is to defray the expense of inquiries into the responsibility of the parties proposed, and whether all the queries have been truthfully answered. Any error or mis-statement is fatal to the applicant's wishes, loans being invariably refused when there is any appearance of an attempt to mislead. In such cases the fee paid for inquiry is forfeited, all offices reserving the right of refusing a loan *without assigning any reason*. Such a rule, it is obvious, affords an opportunity for fraud, which cockney schemers have not been slow to take advantage of. Fictitious offices have been started, professing to lend money upon unusually favourable terms, the only object being to obtain the inquiry fee, and then, under the convenient rule referred to, refuse the application.

In a somewhat recent instance, one of these sham offices succeeded in getting advertisements into most of the religious newspapers, offering to advance loans to respectable persons upon personal security, in any part of the country. Numbers of respectable persons did apply—clergymen amongst the number—and paid the inquiry fee, only to find out that they had been artfully fleeced. The career of these sharpers was unceremoniously cut short by the strong arm of the law, but not until a large amount of plunder had passed into their hands. The publicity that the affair referred to obtained, had the effect of putting country people upon their guard for a season. But we are strangely mistaken if the same system is not carried on at the present time, only a little more cautiously. We especially suspect all societies offering money upon "unusually favourable terms," and our advice to those who are tempted by advertising offices is, not to have anything to do with borrowing money upon the personal security of the borrower. The genuine professional money-lender is far too wary a personage not to make careful provision against the contingencies involved in the life of one person. The risk is too great, even if extra premiums are demanded.

The application paper, together with the inquiry

fee, having been duly deposited at the office, a shrewd, wide-awake fellow, one who is "up" to a thing or two, is employed to inquire into the truthfulness of the representations made by the proposed borrower and his securities. If all is satisfactory, the parties are directed to attend the office, when the money is advanced upon a joint promissory note, subject to certain deductions for interest, rules, stamp, etc. In consequence of the high rate of discount at the present time, many of the offices deduct an additional $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or a total of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., for interest. In addition to this, a further charge of twopence per week is made for office expenses. As all loans are repaid at the rate of sixpence per pound per week, the total expense for a loan of five pounds stands as follows:—

Form of application	0 2
Inquiry fee	2 6
Interest at $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.	7 6
Stamp and rules	1 0
Office expenses, 40 weeks	6 8
	<hr/>
	17 10

This is the total expense when the loan is punctually repaid, which we believe is not the case generally. Many neglect their payments for weeks together. In these cases the fines accumulate with frightful rapidity; so that, in addition to the already enormous interest received by the lender, the borrower, either through neglect or other causes, taxes himself with an enormous percentage, augmenting his repayments until they become absolutely ruinous.

There is no doubt that the facilities offered by *bonâ fide* associations of this kind have saved many a man in cases of emergency; but, like pawnshops, they are dangerous to the thoughtless and thriftless. It is no uncommon thing for a man to procure money from one of these societies for a legitimate purpose, and spend it all in riot and dissipation. Vast numbers of workmen appear to have no knowledge of the true value of money. If they come into possession of a few pounds, even of borrowed money, they lose all control of themselves, and "away goes the tin," so that it too often proves a curse instead of a blessing.

One peculiar purpose to which loans are frequently applied cannot be overlooked in these "memoranda." Whitsuntide is the great holiday of the metropolitan artisan and his family. He puts aside his tools, stops his panting engine, and bids the droning wheel be still. In gay holiday attire he is borne away from the "dingy nooks of squalor land" to the leafy covert of umbrageous trees, the deep sequestered dell, or the mossy bank beside the "silver spring" rippling over its gravelly bed. Very pleasant it is to contemplate the family group drinking in the pure breath of heaven; but (ah! those "buts," how they mar the most beautiful picture) in too many cases this enjoyment is purchased by future privation and makeshifts. So much per week must be deducted from John's wages for forty weeks to come, in order to pay for present pleasure. This is "paying too dear for the whistle" with a vengeance. Yes, the week before Whitsun is the busy week of loan societies. Then they are in the full flush of business, attend-

ing to regular customers, who annually mortgage a portion of their future earnings for the yearly excursion. This fact does not speak much for the forethought or provident habits of my working brethren; for every pound thus spent, at least twenty-three shillings and sixpence has to be repaid. At first glance this may not appear a very formidable amount; but in actual experience it proves a serious drain upon a man's weekly wage, and without a doubt has in many cases proved an enduring source of domestic misery and wretchedness.

Another fact, illustrative of the lack of provident habits amongst working men, and of the novel use that may be made of these societies, came under my notice some time ago. A reformed inebriate, in the receipt of good wages, with only himself and wife to support, after some years' experience of the abstinence system, found, to his surprise, that he was, so to speak, no richer for abandoning the pot. It is true he had a better home, was better fed and better clothed; but he could not save money out of thirty-six shillings per week. If a few shillings were put by, there was sure to be something wanted in the house, and away went what was intended as a nest-egg. Determined to do something more than live a hand-to-mouth experience, he thought of becoming a weekly depositor at the savings bank; but, knowing his own infirmity of purpose, and that a little thing would prevent the money being carried to the place of deposit, he cast about for a means of compelling himself to save a portion of his weekly earnings. This he accomplished by actually taking out a loan of five pounds and forthwith depositing it in the bank. His simple reason for such a step was this: the repayments of the loan were *compulsory*, and must be punctually attended to, whilst bank deposits were *optional*, and could easily be put off. This curious instance of the provident habits of a steady man was on a par with that of a heavy drinker, whose infirmity of purpose was well known to himself. Proceeding to work one morning, he suddenly discovered that he had a sovereign in his possession which ought to have been left at home. Fully aware of the danger he ran with so much money about him during the day, he was anxious to get rid of the tempter at once, without returning home; but how? A pawnbroker was just opening shop; the owner of the sovereign walked in, "popped" it for a shilling, and duly redeemed it on his return, and let us hope, carried it back safely to his expectant wife.

It is difficult to ascertain the number of loan offices in London, and the amount of business they transact. From inquiries I have made, I believe an estimated total of five hundred offices may safely be given, and their profits averaged at two hundred pounds each. This gives an aggregate amount of one hundred thousand pounds per annum, paid by the poorer class of tradesmen and working people of the metropolis for loan accommodation, in addition to the enormous sum which, as I have previously shown, passes into the pawnbroker's till.

With my practical experience of the contingencies that surround working life, I dare not say that all this borrowing can be avoided; but I fearlessly

assert that half one half of the tens of thousands of pounds lent by pawnbrokers and loan offices might be done without, and on the remainder a saving of more than two-thirds of the expenses can be effected. How this can be and is being done by a large body of my fellow toilers, will be shown in a future paper.

MAIZE, OR INDIAN CORN.

AMONG the plants supplying the food of man, maize (*Zea mays* of botanists) is one of the most important. Its cultivation is far more extensive than any of the other *gramineæ*, or grasses, to which natural family it belongs. In the south of Europe, in large regions of Africa and Asia, and almost the whole of North America, it forms the staple article of food, as rice does in the hotter countries of the East. Humboldt thought that it was first introduced from the New World; but this has been disproved by the discovery of the seeds in cellars of houses of ancient Greece, and also by the pictures of the plant in old Chinese books. The name of "Indian corn," however, did originate with the early settlers in America, who found the plant cultivated by the Indians. In this country it used to be commonly known as Turkey wheat, being an article of commerce in the busy times of the Levant trade. It is probable that the "corn" of Scripture generally denotes maize.

In the Food Museum at South Kensington, (where specimens of substances in common use in all countries are displayed in a most instructive and interesting manner), we find the component parts of maize exhibited, in comparison with those of many other cereals or grain-bearing plants. It appears from the analysis of chemists, that maize stands high in its nutritive properties. In 1 lb. of the grain there are about 2½ ounces of gluten and of a fatty substance, and between 9 and 10 ounces of starch. The remaining components are water, lignine, gum, sugar, and calcareous ashes, (chiefly phosphate of lime).

Many and various are the modes of using the maize for food. In America, the green ears are eaten, roasted at the fire, or boiled and shelled like peas, with melted butter. Among the southern planters, homminy is an indispensable dish, morning, noon, and night. The corn is pounded to greater or less fineness, and is then boiled soft like rice, and eaten with meat. "Indian bread," made of corn meal, is at every table. The meal of maize from Southern Europe is the Polenta of commerce. Having less gluten than wheat flour, it is especially good for biscuit baking. The consumption of Indian corn or meal in its natural state is not large in this country, wheat being abundant, and cheap even for the labouring classes. Under the name of "corn flour," however, a preparation of Indian corn, to be presently described, has of late years been coming into extensive use.

Talking with a learned and ingenious chemist about Indian corn, and about the strong recommendation of it by the celebrated William Cobbett, we asked our friend's opinion upon the real worth of this grain. He gave us not only his opinion, but also his reasons, which we did not ask, but of which

we give our readers the benefit, under the writer's own heading of "Animal Combustion."

Let no person (says our chemical friend) at the sight or sound of the above words begin to picture some old lady or gentleman burnt or burning to cinder from combustion spontaneously set up. That phenomenon may have occurred—I believe it has occurred; but it is no part of my intention to enter upon the notice of it now. Therefore, any shrugging of the shoulders or bracing up the nerves to bear with something horrible is needless, and would be out of place. By *animal combustion* I simply mean to signify the chemical action, whatever it may be, which evolves heat in your body and mine; yielding a temperature so regular and equable, that it differs to a trifling extent only, whether our dwelling-place be hot or cold, whether you and I are surrounded by icebergs in the far north, or baked under the pitiless rays of a tropical sun.

Animal combustion! "but there is no burning, no fire, no smoke"—why, no; we should have been unpleasant members of society had we been doomed to wander about glowing hot like a cinder, and breathing flame and smoke like a chimney. Combustion, however, may be of many degrees of intensity, and, as for smoke, there are many examples of combustion without visible smoke; witness, for example, the combustion of charcoal. And the word "charcoal" brings me immediately to the theme of animal combustion. It has seemed fitting to the Almighty that you, and I, and other animals, shall generate our respective amounts of animal heat by the slow combustion within us of carbon, or the matter of charcoal. Up to this point, then, one may say that furnace fuel and animal heat fuel are the same thing, seeing that in either case it is carbon that gives the heat; but now comes a difference. The fact is, that animals require for their furnace supply, carbon which has assumed some organic condition. All the common articles of food eaten by animals hold carbon in some shape or other, and thus the generation of bodily heat is always provided for. Some articles of food contain flesh-making materials mingled with combustion materials, whilst other articles of food hold combustion materials alone, supplying fuel, so to speak, to the internal fire or warming apparatus of the human body.

There was a time—within the memory of some of us, perhaps—when exaggerated notions were prevalent concerning the nutritive power of such things as sugar, arrowroot, sago, and the like. The progress of chemistry has rudely disturbed these notions. Since Liebig pointed out the difference between heat-formers and blood or flesh-formers, it has been the fashion among chemists to deny that such things as sugar, sago, tapioca, arrowroot, and the like are nutrient matters at all. Maintaining that fat is not nourishment, but only a lot of animal fuel conveniently generated, stored up, and set aside for use upon occasion, the philosophers have right on their side when they affirm that sugar, sago, and the like—matters which, when not burned outright, can only be deposited as fat—are not directly nutritive matters. But we could no more continue to exist without heat-making food than

we could without blood and flesh-making food, and little logic is needed to prove the self-evident fact that without existence there could be no nutrition. Put the case as we will, the combustive or heat-giving articles of animal food are very important; and to say, as lecturers do when they wish to make people stare, that sugar, arrowroot, tapioca, sago, and the like, are not nutritive bodies at all, is to be over-strenuous in setting forth a new conviction.

Firstly, in regard to sugar. There are several varieties of it: such as cane sugar, grape sugar, sugar of milk, and glycerine, or the sweet principle of fats and oils; to which may be added mannite, or sugar of manna, and some few other varieties. But produce sugar whence you like, whether from the sugar cane, or from the date tree, or beet root, or the sugar maple, the various samples would be identical in every respect of composition, and the generic name "sugar" is, in chemical language, given to all.

Among starches,* or amylaceous matters, there is far more diversity than among "sugars." The starch derived from one source is so different from starch obtained from any other source, that the microscope will always discriminate between them. Moreover, though the chemical composition of all starches is the same, the taste of different starches varies, so that great difference exists as to the relative adaptability of different starches as articles of human food. Thus, very curiously it is, that though wheat be the best of all cereal grains for bread-making, the starch of wheat is disagreeable, almost repulsive, when cooked after the manner of tapioca or arrowroot. It is a curious fact in regard to starches, that, innocent themselves, they are sometimes discovered in very dangerous society. To cite an example: tapioca is nothing else than a starch torrefied, or somewhat altered by baking. Nobody is afraid of eating tapioca; the most delicate eat it, the confirmed invalids partake of it; yet tapioca comes from one of the most venomous botanical tribes in nature—the Euphorbium tribe. Nor is the companionship of potato starch quite unexceptionable. The potato really belongs to the Nightshade tribe—a very poisonous tribe, taken all in all: nor is the potato itself wholly harmless. Potato apples are so noxious, that they may be even termed poisonous; and water in which potatoes have been boiled is not unexceptional. From these poisonous associates, or poisonous associates of any kind, starch, as it exists in the grain-bearing group, is exempt. Only two or three, out of the almost countless number of grasses, are endowed with poisonous qualities, and these do not contribute to the grain-supply of the world.

It has just been stated that the starch, or amylaceous matter of wheat, is not agreeable when cooked in the manner of arrowroot. Perhaps, however, that circumstance is in some degree attributable to the method of preparing wheaten starch, namely, by setting up fermentation, which dissipates the gluten, and thus leaves the starch behind. At any rate, wheaten starch is next to

useless as a substitute for arrowroot. The very best of all cereal grains for yielding an amylaceous matter, better in various ways than arrowroot, is the *Zea mays*, or Indian corn; though the hopes once entertained by that over-sanguine and very impetuous man, William Cobbett, of unquiet memory, in regard to Indian corn, have never been realized.

Cobbett was quite enthusiastic on the merits of Indian corn, probably from his familiar experience of its use in North America. He hoped that at some time, not long distant, the growth of Indian corn, by British farmers and British labourers, might drive out of cultivation what he called the "lazy root," "the demoralizing potato." Well, Mr. Cobbett, you made a mistake; of that there is no doubt. The Indian corn crop has been tried here in England, again and again, by no prejudiced people. Sometimes it will come to perfection, at other times it will not; which state of uncertainty is not quite the suitable thing for the British farmer to make money out of. Indian corn will not even grow as a moderately certain farm crop in New Zealand, though the climate is a trifle more genial than in our native British islands. Nor, Mr. Cobbett, does the refusal of Indian corn to grow here in these isles signify so much as you may have imagined in your day. Since the stirring time of your "Political Register," we Englishmen have come to look upon the whole world more in the sense of a brotherly community than was our custom of yore. We have come to feel that the fact of one land not being able to grow some particular crop, necessary to human existence or comfort, may be directly ordained by the Almighty, to the end of promoting useful commerce and international intercourse, from the increase of which many peaceful and good fruits will yet spring.

From one source or another we Britons and Irish have, ever since the potato famine in 1846-7, imported very large quantities of maize, and the amount is still increasing; this is chiefly referable to an ingenious and very successful method of extracting the starch out of it, without fermentation, discovered now some years ago, and conducted at Paisley by Messrs. Brown and Polson, an engraving of the operations in whose factory is appended. There can be no doubt that the amylaceous material prepared and sold by them, has all the advantages which they claim for it, under the name of "patent corn-flour."* Call it what we will, Indian corn farina is nutritive in the sense that arrow-root, sago, and tapioca are nutritive, and it is sold at less than half the price of good arrow-root. To most palates it is also more agreeable. Concerning tastes, however, there is proverbially no disputing; the proof of the pudding is in the eating, it is said; and Indian corn farina, to my appreciation, makes a pudding which will come victoriously out of any proof one may choose to require of it. No less acceptable is the patent corn-flour in the forms of custard, blanc-mange, pancake, and other palatable arrangements.

* The word "starch" is of course here understood in its chemical, not its familiar household sense.

* In the engraving is represented the "washing process," by which the amylaceous matter (or patent corn-flour) is separated from the other ingredients in Messrs. Brown & Polson's factory at Paisley.



FOUR EPOCHS IN THE LIFE OF SCOTT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

I.

"I QUITE grieve for that poor little fellow with the withered limb," said the aged poet Home, to the child's guardian aunt at Bath; "what a painful sight to his anxious parents, to witness a loved one so suddenly doomed to a life of inertness and mortification." For him (the poet may have thought) no boyhood shouts to join in sports; for him no manly challenge to compete in invigorating exercises; for him no female loveliness heaves a sigh; but sedentary, solitary, his soul sunk into sad sympathy with his misfortune, he must float like a weed upon the sea of life, an object of solicitude to his friends, and of pity to all.

Vain were the thermal baths of the "Aque Solis;" vain the nauseous draughts of carbonic acid, nitrogen, sulphates, muriates, oxides, soda, lime, and iron, in the Grand Pump Room. The crutch could not be thrown away, and the four-years'-old sufferer crippled on. Yet he did not seem chagrined or melancholy. He looked, otherwise, healthy and heart-whole, and was cheerful, if not merry and lively. The boy, thrown out of communion with his contemporaries, was brought into fellowship with elder associates, in new scenes peculiarly calculated to awaken the intellect of observant and inquisitive childhood; for the writings on the tablets of infancy are of a wonderful nature, and much deeper than is often suspected by "children of a larger growth." As on certain chemical invisible manuscripts the ink is nevertheless indelible, and warmth, a breath, or a sympathetic solution, brings it out with vivid distinctness, so are these early impressions on the mind revived by untraceable connections, by processes obscure in their origin, and inscrutable in their operation. I have myself regained a thought by going to the spot where I remembered it to have occurred, and found it there.

The lame child, deformed, helpless, commiserated, passed a year at Bath. The seeds of the future were sown, where mementoes of ancient Britons, Romans and Saxons, whispered strange matters of the ages of the past. Yet the great German historian, Niebuhr, who saw him some years later, described him, with pity, as a melancholy sight to his parents, "dull in appearance and intellect."

II.

Look at that stalwart horseman; how firmly he sits his ardent steed. In his uniform of a modern yeoman, he looks the feudal warrior of ancient times. In the garb of Old Gaul, he would have been a potent chief or fearless cataran; or rather, in the days (and nights) of Border forays, he would have been as daring an outlaw leader as ever harried a foe-man's hold. See him in the charge, see him in the chase, see him at the banquet, his prowess and powers are alike conspicuous. He looks, moves, and feeds like an Homeric hero. What a spacious temple of the mind, what flashing fires in that deep grey eye, what strength and energy in every motion! Why, my friend, that is "the lame laddie," the poor limping object of Bath, of whom the most

favourable prognostics were that he was doomed to be a withered forlorn creature all the days of his life, capable only of what could be done in gentle chamber-work, secluded from the bold and independent struggles of the active world. It is true he has been educated for a profession which requires little of lith and limb, and no hardihood except what may consist with that ample brow and keen glance for its success. The judicious surrender of his more juvenile years to nature, instead of the physicians, and a healthful freedom in bracing country air, have so far overcome his defect as to lessen its inconvenience, and borne him to maturity with the strong-built mould and vigorous activity which have excited your admiration. The rough but wholesome training of his boyhood at the High School of Edinburgh has not been lost upon him. And farther still, his rural life, while recruiting his corporeal stamina, is said to have nurtured his mental faculties. In short, he is suspected of poetry; and it is hinted, in old classical phrase, that "the frame of a Hercules is animated by the spirit of an Apollo." I fancy, however, that this is idle surmise, in consequence of his omnivorous reading, and his failing to distinguish himself professionally; for if a "noticeable" man is not one thing which is expected, people are always apt to set him up for something else, which he may be, or may not. But he is fortunately stout enough now to "battle the watch," as the saying is; and there can be little doubt of his halting on respectably to some official preferment, where superior talent is not required to insure a very comfortable position and quiet enjoyment of society. He will be able to fish, shoot, hunt, feast, to his heart's content, and there's an end.

This, the second-sight prophecy of our second epoch, is not to be more truly fulfilled than the mistaken predictions of the first. The map of the future defies prospective geography. The steerage through life by a conjectural chart, must be a voyage all abroad in the calculation of longitudes and latitudes, and only to be corrected by celestial observations, as the course is for ever changed by winds and tides, and under-currents and accidents. Rarely is the purposed port reached, and if it be, how different is the trim of the vessel from that on which we reckoned, and by how many unforeseen tacks, how many drifts towards dangerous shoals, how many disasters on wrecking rocks, how many tossings on the stormy waves of unknown seas, have we been borne to the accomplishment of our destination! Have we not discovered that there is but one fixed light safely to steer by through this anxious moil—that Light which never faileth, and which shines most brightly on the far shore beyond the dark haven of our mortal course?

III.

Who is the individual to whom I have just paid a morning visit, at a London hotel? He only arrived last night, and has not yet descended from his sleeping-room. Yet the table is covered with the cards of eminent persons—peers, statesmen, legislators, great lawyers, distinguished physicians, wealthy commoners, authors, artists—all doing homage to this remarkable man. And there lie

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also many of the prettiest letters, notes, and billets, evidently the flutterings of leading fashion, no doubt to solicit the smile of the mighty "lion" of the day, upon their most sumptuous parties or ambitious fêtes. Is not he spoilt by this whelming flood of prosperity and adulation? No. He is shrewd, and has been sharply schooled in the mysteries of mankind, for years before that tide in the affairs of man, which, as the greatest of all bards tells us, "taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." His experience saves him from any outward sign of overweening pride or display of vanity. He would be more than human were his ambition not gratified in his inmost breast. The toils and perils of ten years' precarious wrestling with his fate have been buried in a period of boundless success and triumph. The acclamations of applauding millions fill his ear, and the laurels of victory load his noble brow. I await his entrance. Always conspicuous for ease and propriety in dress, he is to-day particularly equipped, as if for some great ceremonious occasion. And it is a memorable epoch in his life. The bard whose writings had acquired a wonderful extent of popularity, and will last as long as the English language—the possessor of a secret goldfield, whose diggings yield nuggets of untold value, and promise a yield of yet richer produce and accumulated fame—he was prepared for an audience of his sovereign; and at that interview the courtly prince, (than whom no monarch ever bestowed a favour with more enhancing grace,) unasked and spontaneously conferring a title and giving his hand to kiss, said, "I shall always reflect with pleasure on yours, Sir Walter, being the first creation of my reign."

IV.

The dream has been finished, and an awakening is come. It is not the sad foreboding of the first weakly spectacle, the surprise and admiration of the massive second, nor the royal splendour of the honoured third epoch, which now arrests my sorrowful gaze. Reclined upon a common mattress, wrapt in cloaks and furs, pale, and with eyes in which the fire is quenched by fell disease, the emaciated wreck of the strong renowned man is borne in a rocking boat from shipboard to his native shore. There is a faint expression upon his wasted countenance, as if the lines of one of the German poets (Matheson) he used to love were graven there:—

"I long to see once more, before I die,
The fields in which I wandered when a child,
Where all the happy dreams of opening life
Around me hovered."

And the "vital spark of heavenly flame" glimmered till this was done. He was carried to the spot where all his earthly ambition had centred—the summit of his towering hopes, the cradle of his fondest aspirations, the limit gained, the starting-point of a visionary onward race. To reign a chief, to found a lofty family, from the red hand to the jewelled coronet, were the beguiling phantoms within the scope of his dazzled view, the aim of his vast and indefatigable genius. But the cloud had again accumulated, and passed more sternly and darkly than before over his sunshine. The years of Egyptian abundance had been followed by years of famine;

and there was no forewarning Joseph to provide against the calamity. Alas! the actual goldfield, with its mine of wealth, had not sufficed; but an inexhaustible Pactolus, imagined and anticipated beyond, had swallowed up the real, and, like a resistless flood, swept all away in one dismal catastrophe. Vaulting ambition had "overleapt itself and fallen on the other side"—ruinous as that baser passion, Avarice.

"Next him in dance came Avarice,
Root of all evil, ground of vice,
That never could be content."

But it was not here the thirst of gain, or appetite for mere filthy lucre. To become the root of a great and noble tree, seemed no inordinate desire. We have witnessed the Peerage won by less distinguished, though eminent, literature; but had it been achieved in this instance, how melancholy and humiliating would the sight have been! Plunged into poverty; children and grand-children preceding or following him to the grave; the beloved daughter, and last idolized offspring then, and the latest of all (save one fragile blossom) now; the mourning for sons departed; what a picture of desolateness, what a lesson to human-kind!

Poor Sir Walter! hear his own melancholy and hopeless words: "Death has closed the long dark avenue upon loves and friendships; and I look at them as through the grated door of a burial-place filled with monuments of those who were once dear to me, with no insincere wish that it may open for me at no distant period, provided such be the will of God. I shall never see the three-score years and ten, and shall be summed up at a discount. No help for it, and no matter either."* Standing before the dreary sepulchre, amidst the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, the visitor may gather a solemn lesson of "the vanity of human wishes," as he reads the simple epitaph: SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

LOST ON THE FELS.

THE traveller on the Newcastle-on-Tyne and Carlisle Railway, leaving the line at Haydon-bridge, will, if he turn towards the south, find himself very shortly in the midst of scenery for which his railway journey will have little prepared him. Instead of the fertile and well-wooded vale of the Tyne through which he has just passed, a region bare and bleak appears before him. On every side great ridges of hills, or, as they are called in that district, "fells," rise in gloomy grandeur, often, even in the height of summer, covered atop with snow. As he passes along the seemingly interminable road, a few stray houses, or a smoky smelt-mill, are the only signs of life that appear; and so bare and sterile does everything seem, that he finds it difficult to imagine that wealth of any kind can be gathered from such a region. But riches, vast and incalculable, are there hidden, beneath the surface of the earth, it is true, but only waiting the persevering energy of man to be brought forth and turned to good account. He is in the great Allen-

* Scott's Life, 2nd Edition, Vol. ix, p. 61.

dale mining district, from whence is extracted all the celebrated lead, which, stamped with the distinguishing letters "W. B.," finds such a ready sale in every market.

After travelling for many miles along an ever-rising road, he will reach the little hamlet of Allenheads, the centre of the mining district, and the highest village in England. The inhabitants of this strange corner of the world are distinguished by a primitive simplicity of manners, which very few would imagine could be found in busy England now-a-days. It is not my purpose, however, to dwell upon their characteristics. The following narrative relates one of the incidents which are unfortunately too common in Allendale. The snow gathers every winter to an enormous depth on the sides of the "fells," so that the roads are nearly, if not entirely, impassable; and from the deep "cleughs" which abound, it is almost certain death for any one to wander in a snow-storm off the proper track. Many unwary travellers have thus perished; and though the following adventure happily did not terminate fatally, its history may nevertheless be of interest to some who are entire strangers to such scenes, and who, perhaps, could not believe them possible in England.

About ten o'clock one wintry evening, in the middle of the great snow-storm of December, 1860, one of the engineers left Allenheads mines-office, and proceeded to his lodgings, a short distance from it. On arriving at them, however, he found his landlady plunged in the deepest distress. It appeared that her husband, who had only recently come into the district as a mine inspector, and who was quite unacquainted with the locality, had gone over the fells into West Allendale about mid-day, and though he should have been at home by six or seven at latest in the evening, he had not yet made his appearance. The engineer, who was well aware of the dangerous nature of the road which the unfortunate man had to take, was at once alarmed, and in a few minutes he had commissioned one of the miners to raise a searching party, and to procure as many lanterns for their use as possible. This was very soon accomplished; for in a village like Allenheads, none can know whether the service, which in such cases they are doing for others, may not, ere long, be required for themselves; and, conscious of this, they are ever ready to afford such assistance.

No time was to be lost, for all the experienced Fellsmen expressed great anxiety respecting the object of the search. He might have fallen into one of the numerous gorges abounding by the side of the path, and in which snow to the depth of from twenty to thirty feet was accumulated. Once in one of these, unless he was immediately discovered, he would be lost; for the loudest cry for help could not reach any of the few thinly-scattered cottages which are to be found in that barren region; and long ere morning came, the falling snow would have buried him and covered every trace of his fate. More probable still was it, that, worn out by his fruitless battling with the blinding snow, which, above, beneath, and all around, seemed determined to overcome him, he had ven-

tured to rest an instant, and in that fatal moment had fallen into that sleep which knows no earthly waking. Under any circumstances, however, it was felt that his situation was one of the extremest peril; and within an hour of the first alarm being given, the band of searchers, to the number of ten, set forth on their gallant undertaking. Shortly after leaving the village, they received an accession to their strength in the persons of three young men, who joined them at a little nest of cottages, called Low Houses. Here their anxiety was somewhat relieved by the intelligence that the missing man was not alone, a mason employed at the mines having accompanied him on his journey.

Toiling on through the snow, which was everywhere very deep, the party arrived at a place called Swinhope Head, where a house afforded them a few minutes' shelter. Here a halt was called, and a consultation held, as to the most advisable course to pursue. It was resolved to divide the party; the first six of them to go over the fells to West Allendale, and the remaining seven to stay where they then were, unless they received intelligence of the missing men not having been found, when, refreshed by a few hours' sleep, they were to proceed on a general search.

The first party at once commenced their explorations; and now their real difficulties began. As they ascended, by the aid of their dimly burning lanterns, the snow-laden side of the fell, they had to exercise the greatest caution, lest they themselves should be overcome by some hidden peril. In many places the snow rose like a wall of dazzling whiteness right across their path, to a sheer height of more than twenty feet; this, however, was a visible danger, and not therefore so much to be dreaded; but in other places, where the surface of the snow seemed perfectly level and harmless, deep "cleughs" were concealed, in which the whole party might have been easily swallowed up. Often the drifting of the snow had been so great, that they were compelled to pass through places where they sank in it up to the middle, and from which they could only be extricated by the most vigorous exertions, or the assistance of each other. On the top of the fell, a halt was again made under shelter of a lofty snow wreath; and the feeble lanterns having been once more trimmed, and a few minutes' breathing time allowed, the descent was commenced. An exclamation from one of their number drew the attention of the others to the spot where he stood, and there, to the heartfelt joy of all, some almost obliterated footprints were discovered. An old hand in such matters, warning the others from approaching too near, knelt down and carefully blew the freshly-fallen snow from one of the prints, and, as the result of his exertions, was able to see that he who had made it had been travelling in an opposite direction to that in which the searching party was going. From the number of footprints made, there could be little doubt that the track so fortunately discovered was that of the missing men; and the searchers at once turned round and began rapidly to follow it up. A heavy fall of snow commencing at the same time, warned them to lose

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But though they had thus hit upon the track of the lost ones, their anxiety for them was by no means relieved. They saw from it how much they had been fatigued; and from the way in which it wandered about in all directions, they knew that the unfortunate men had become quite confused in their geographical notions, and would, therefore, be unable to move steadily in the right way. Another circumstance added to the anxiety of the searchers. They had themselves lost their way, and had only a very vague idea of their position. Without more than a passing thought to themselves, however, the gallant little band pushed actively on in pursuit of the track; here and there it became straight and steady for a short distance, and then resumed its old crab-like mode of progression. In these cases they knew that the fall of snow must suddenly have ceased, and by a momentary glimpse of the stars in the frosty skies, the two lost ones had been enabled to move more steadily than usual.

The lying snow was now very deep, and what was of more consequence, so soft that they sank in at every step. Suddenly, as they were moving on, one of their number gave a loud cry, and immediately disappeared beneath the surface, and was quickly followed by another, though in a different direction. A sad moment was that for the brave little band, for they knew they had stumbled among the "peat-pots,"* which abound at one part of the fell-side. By dint of vigorous exertions, the unfortunate burrowers were rescued by their happier comrades, though in no pleasant plight, for the "pots" were more or less filled with water, which, when exposed to the keen night air on the dresses of the party, at once froze, and by no means added to their comfort.

Innumerable were the falls of this description which they had now to encounter, but they boldly persevered, and discovered another trace of the objects of their exertions, in the shape of a "peat-pot," into which it was evident they had fallen. The snow in it was seven feet thick, and at the bottom was a water drain. Had only one man been crossing the fell, he would have had but little chance of saving himself, if he had fallen into such a chasm. The "peat-pots" had done the searching party good service, however, in one respect, for they had sufficed to point out to them their real position; and so, after a few minutes' sharp walking, they recovered the turnpike road, which they had the satisfaction of seeing had also been reached by the missing men.

This discovery greatly allayed their fears; and though, on arriving at a lonely cottage, they learnt that nothing had been there seen of the wanderers, they nevertheless had now good hopes of their safety. They went on to Carshield, where they thought it probable they might be found, but without obtaining any tidings of them; at last, however, after a further weary walk along the all but snowed-up road, they reached the small village of Coal-

cleugh about half-past four A.M., and there, to their intense joy, found the objects of all their labour, safely housed; one of them, indeed, was snug in bed, and so sound asleep that it was with great difficulty that he could be roused.

While the worn-out explorers were partaking of some doubly acceptable refreshments, and, in doing so, learning to appreciate the value which all arctic voyagers place upon good tea, they heard the story of the two missing men, who, it appeared, had lost the track when only a short distance from their destination, and once having done so, had wandered about for hours without recovering it; but at last they had reached the "peat-pots," and, alarmed by the accident with which they had then met, they shortly afterwards commenced shouting for help, and, being happily heard by some men dwelling at a little distance, had been rescued by them, and after six hours' wandering conveyed in safety to the place where they were now found. They could not believe that they had returned into West Allendale, for during all their peregrinations they had been under the impression that they were gradually nearing their homes, instead of receding further from them. How many times the kind and ever watchful providence of God had rescued them from death during that night, no mortal can ever know; but it needs not a fellsman to appreciate all the perils, terrible dangers, and "hair-breadth 'scapes" which it was then their lot to encounter.

After an hour's rest, the whole party set out on their way homeward, and on the top of the fell discovered the remainder of the original searching party, who, alarmed for the safety of their comrades, had set out to seek them. A little further on they encountered, at short intervals, two more strong bodies of men from Allenheads, bent on the same errand, for the whole of the inhabitants of the village had now become thoroughly alarmed, not only for the safety of the two lost ones, but of the gallant little party who had risked their lives in seeking to recover them. Their spirits raised by the hearty cheers with which they were greeted, the weary travellers stepped briskly forward, and had the pleasure, at eight o'clock, of restoring to the anxious wives their missing husbands, after having spent nine hours of the long winter night in recovering them.

MY SCHOOL RECOLLECTIONS.

CHAPTER. V.

GREAT excitement was caused at Langham soon after I went, by the building of the first fives-court. It was in such request that we juniors could seldom get the chance of a game. Our only resource was to get up early; and often have I risen at three or four A.M., with a few other ardent fives-players, to have unmolested enjoyment of our favourite game, which is second only to cricket. The authorities sought to stop these matutinal sports by locking all the doors; but our love of fives was too strong to be restrained by trifles. We twisted up counterpanes and let ourselves down from the bedrooms; till one day somebody, more unfortunate or clumsy than the rest, contrived to "put his foot in it," and

* The "peat-pots" are large pits in the fell-sides, from which the peat—which is almost universally used for fuel in the district—has been dug.

break a window while swinging in mid-air. This catastrophe, to our huge disgust, caused the forcible suppression of our games. But the Doctor very liberally built two more courts, which enabled us to play in peace, though there was always great competition for them. The game unfortunately varies exceedingly in different places, and as it is played at Oxford, it appears to me very inferior to our old game at Langham.

Football and hockey were our principal winter games. The latter was a prime favourite among the smaller boys, who at football are rather apt to get "monkey's allowance—more kicks than half-pence;" *knocks, et præterea nihil*. Nevertheless, it is not so dangerous as hockey, and is the better game of the two. For my part, I generally eschewed both, in favour of fives. Besides these, we had quoits, prisoners-base, single-stick, etc. Skating was much cultivated also; as was swimming, thanks to the splendid bath. We had several most finished skaters, who could perform the "outside edge backwards," and the difficult but not very elegant evolution called the "spread eagle;" while others preferred the fun of "following the bung." There is something very exhilarating in the great speed which skates enable one to attain, and the skimming motion almost conveys the sensation of flying.

There were several ponds not far off, which in summer were rich in insect and animal life. Gazing into their recesses, I learnt many chapters of natural history, and made acquaintance with creatures of which I had very little idea before, but whose manner of life it was interesting to observe. There I have seen the eft catch and eat the gaily-tinted stickleback. There too have I caught the strange beetle-like larva of the dragon-fly, and watched the perfect insect slowly and painfully extricating itself from its pupa-case. And there I found that rare and pretty yellow flower, the Fringed Bog-bean (*Villarsia nymphaeoides*.) In short, the educated eye derives endless pleasures from the study of nature; pleasures within the reach of all, but of which too many know nothing and care nothing about;

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

One recognised season of licence was the fifth of November. This festival always went off with great *éclat*, and consisted of a grand display of set firework pieces, costing a considerable sum, followed by a general *mêlée* of squibbing round the bonfire and the burning effigy. Each of us had tickets of admission to give away, nobody being let in who was not thus provided; and there was always a large concourse of spectators. The squibbing was great fun, and the masters (including even the chief) joined freely in it.

There was a boating-club in the school, which asserted itself every Saturday. But the river was at a considerable distance off, and it was a pursuit of boating under difficulties. The Doctor never relished it, and very properly would allow none to go on the water who could not swim, and also show a written permission from their parents; for many fellows got an involuntary bath in learning to "sit" an outrigger, not to speak of the risk of injury from

over-exertion. We could muster a very tolerable eight, and got up four-oar and pair-oar races, besides sculling-matches, and all the other varieties of modern aquatic. The prizes, according to established custom, were glass-bottomed "pewters," dazzlingly polished so as to look like silver, and bearing a suitable inscription. Many Langhamites are to be found in college crews, and some even in the University eights.

The excitement caused by the annual Oxford and Cambridge race at Putney was one great means of keeping up a taste for boating in the school. As the time approached, we all wore our respective colours; and partisan feeling ran so high as sometimes to lead to skirmishes. Langham was essentially a Cambridge school, but the Oxonians formed a compact and respectable minority, and once succeeded in beating the others at cricket.

That great boat-race is well worth seeing; better even than Henley regatta, with all its beautiful scenery and varied competitors. The banks of the Thames are crowded with spectators all the way from Putney to Mortlake; and the houses and gardens near the river are filled with ladies dressed in one or the other of the rival colours, (dark or light blue,) while the gentlemen wear rosettes of the same. University men abound, and it is a rare time for meeting old school and college friends. The river is alive with boats of all sorts and sizes, from the crack eight of the far-famed Leander Club, down to the tiniest "dingy" that finds it difficult to carry one inside: and following hard upon the racing boats comes a regular squadron of steamers, crammed to the *nth* with Oxford and Cambridge men. The two crews have been for some days on the course, to try the four-mile course; and every one is full of criticisms, more or less original, on their respective styles, and on the merits of the individuals composing them. The boats pull *with* the tide, and it is wholly out of the question to keep up with them on foot; but the point of greatest interest for the pedestrian is the last reach, within sight of the winning-post. When the starting time arrives, all is silent expectation. You hear the signal-guns in the distance, and then after some minutes (they seem hours) of anxious suspense, the faint sound of cheering, which gradually becomes louder and more distinct as the boats approach. At last they come round the bend of the river, straining every muscle for the final "spurt." The long sharp boats, with their oars flashing in the water on each side, look like things instinct with life. The strokes are like clockwork, and make the boats leap out of water; while the men are called to by name, and stimulated to the very utmost exertion. It is a moment of frantic excitement. "Here they are!" and "dark blue's ahead! Hurrah!" The boats dash past in quick succession, and the Oxonians are declared winners by a length. You go down to the landing-place to congratulate the victorious crew, some of whom are so exhausted that they have to be lifted from the boat. You eagerly compare notes with those who have seen the first part of the race, and then with joyful exultation stroll along the bank wearing your successful colours, while somehow, the light blue has almost disappeared. You meet many

an old familiar face, with whom you have a few hurried but hearty words to exchange. By far the pleasantest way of seeing the race is to gallop along the towing-path by the side of the boats, if you can get a steady horse and can trust yourself outside him. You see it in this way much more satisfactorily than from the steamers. But I would not advise any one to take a horse he does not know; for the path is narrow and the bank steep, and in the rush of some fifty horses I have seen unskilful riders as well as unwary pedestrians forced into the river; and, as in many other matters, it is easier to get in than out.

Victory in these aquatic contests has been pretty equally divided between the two Universities during the last half-century. But the boating annals record one feat that deserves to be kept in remembrance. At the beginning of a race, one of the Oxford crew broke his rowlock short off, and immediately jumped overboard, that the boat might not have to carry his useless weight. The remaining seven, with the indomitable pluck of true British gentlemen, pulled on to the end and actually succeeded in winning the race. I should like to know those eight men. Perhaps some of them were among the defenders of Lucknow; but at all events they were made of the same stuff. It is generally found that the same energy which enabled men to excel in school sports enables them also to distinguish themselves afterwards in the graver pursuits of life.

Now and then, one of us would go up to Oxford, to stand for a scholarship or to matriculate; and after spending a week there, (and what an enjoyable week!) returned as a regular oracle, full to overflowing of University sayings and doings; full also of former Langhamites, now developed into full-blown Oxford men. This was useful, by helping to enlarge our ideas and raise our standard. A boy who has worked his way to the top of a large school, and can beat all his competitors, is apt to grow lazy, and withal to think no small things of himself. He has no means of testing his own powers, and is utterly ignorant of his real dimensions. According to Froude the historian, most young men are stupid, and those who are not stupid are usually conceited. It is therefore good for him to be brought to measure his strength with the cream of the great public schools, and to find his true level. Yet several Langhamites carried off scholarships; and even when unsuccessful, the examination was good practice. There is something very pleasurable in the excitement of an examination, if you feel pretty well prepared, in being thus put upon your mettle and surrounded with eagerly scratching pens. It is a test also of self-command, readiness, and presence of mind. Some men have not "a good shop-window," and become too nervous to show what they really know. The worst part is when the examination is over, and you are waiting to hear the result. Nevertheless, it is rather an awful moment, when, in the *vivâ voce* part, you first hear the sound of your own voice as you stand up before the examiners, sometimes in public. But you soon gain confidence and proceed, and as you resume your seat, the examiner's "Thank you, sir," (for we are very polite in Oxford,) falls pleasantly on your ear.

There was another school a short distance off, which played an annual match with our second eleven, and generally treated us with due deference: it was kept by a baron. Truly a curious race of beings are those foreign nobility. Only fancy an English peer keeping a third-rate school. We once had what our transatlantic cousins call a "difficulty" with this establishment, which occurred in this wise. We had a day-boy, who, by dint of idleness, generally succeeded in keeping at the bottom of his class, though much the biggest boy in it. He was a dunce, a coward, and a fop; and, in fact, a "very scurvy fellow." His parents, however, (after the manner of such folk, thinking their young rook white,) attributed his backwardness to the inefficiency of the school, and transferred him to the nobleman's house. We had somehow failed to appreciate his merits, but among them he straightway became a great gun. He soon learned to hate us with all the virulence of a renegade's hatred; just as tractarian perverts, (to compare small things to great,) when they have thrown off their tadpole disguise, and come out as fully developed Romanists, are sure to be the most bitter in attacking the church they have just left. This worthy, and some of his companions, amused themselves one fine day with pricking a football, which some of our small boys were using on the common before mentioned. Our wrath, at this unprovoked and wanton tyranny, knew no bounds, when the news reached the school, and we sent a deputation to offer the alternative of a public apology or a public thrashing. Our ambassadors had a funny scene with them, for they were a most miscellaneous and polyglot assemblage. They refused to apologize or to give up the aggressors, and war was accordingly declared in due form. On the next half-holiday we went out to football as usual, and found them on the common all armed with hockey-sticks. We approached them in a body, and after a short preliminary exchange of "winged words," in the approved Homeric style, some of our leaders went forward and were on the point of "pitching into" the prime offender, together with a few others, who were impudent and seemed disposed to abet him, when some of their people came up with the police, and the congress was dissolved. Fortunately, perhaps; for if, in our exasperated state, we had proceeded to extremities, the baron's school might have been exterminated, and become only a matter of history; but we gave them a salutary lesson which they did not soon forget.

Such, then, have been some of the recollections that crowded on me when I began to recall the scenes of past school life. Many of them may appear trivial; but "little things are great to little men;" and though, of course, I liked Oxford better, (dear old Oxford, doubly my *Alma Mater*, for I was born there,) yet I thoroughly enjoyed my last two years at Langham in the Sixth Form. May its shadow never be less; for, so far from "auld acquaintance being forgot, and days of auld lang syne,"

"Still on these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with jealous care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

VARIETIES.

DREAMS.—A correspondent writes as follows from Edinburgh:—"The article on 'Dreams,' in No. 484 of 'The Leisure Hour,' reminded me of a very striking incident. Several years ago there lived in C—an old and respected schoolmaster, who used to tell the narrative. When a student at the University of Glasgow, he dreamed that his father was dying. The impression made upon him was very strong; but, as many others do, he put no confidence in dreams, and tried as much as possible to shake off the disagreeable feeling which it caused. However, he entirely failed in this; the dream was repeated on the following nights, and, no longer able to resist the impulse, he turned his face homewards, leaving Glasgow and college behind him. The journey was long and tedious in those days, occupying several days; and, when he reached the end, he found his father, not on his death-bed, as some might suppose, but seated by the fire-side, chatting away as usual. On seeing this, our friend felt greatly relieved in his mind; a feeling, however, not unmixed with much self-reproach for having been so silly (so he thought) as to believe in a dream and come so far for a mere idle delusion. However, this state of matters was doomed to be but of short duration, for when next morning came, his father was found dead in his bed." Thus far our correspondent. The late Dr. Abercrombie narrates the following anecdote, "received from a most respectable clergyman, as being to his personal knowledge strictly true:—"In one of the Western Isles of Scotland, a congregation was assembled on a Sunday morning, and in immediate expectation of the appearance of the clergyman, when a man started up, uttered a scream, and stood looking to the pulpit, with a countenance expressive of terror. As soon as he could be prevailed on to speak, he exclaimed, "Do you not see the minister in the pulpit, dressed in a shroud?" A few minutes after this occurrence, the clergyman appeared in his place, and conducted the service, apparently in his usual health, but in a day or two after was taken ill, and died before the following Sunday. (*Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers*, 12th edit., p. 298.) Dr. Abercrombie explains such cases as "consisting of spectral illusions arising out of strong mental impressions, and by some natural coincidence fulfilled." With regard to the schoolmaster's dream, the announcement of the cause of his visit might, by very natural means, have induced fatal results in a feeble or previously diseased frame.

STATE OF EDUCATION IN FRANCE.—Out of 310,289 soldiers, representing, under conscription laws, all grades in society, only 192,873 are able to read and write. In all France there are but 4225 booksellers, of which the rural communes have only 165. Out of 2,250,000 boys, 475,000 go to no school; and out of 2,593,000 girls, 533,000 are left without instruction.

LORD THURLOW'S TREACHERY DETECTED BY HIS HAT.—When George III was unexpectedly recovering from his first illness, the Lord Chancellor, who had been intriguing with the friends of the Prince of Wales, made his celebrated speech ending with the words, "When I forget the king, may my God forget me!" On hearing these words, Burke exclaimed, "The best thing that can happen to you!" Wilkes, who was standing near the throne, uttered a far more emphatic remark to the same effect. Pitt left the House, muttering, "Oh, what a rascal!" In the "Life of Pitt," just published, Lord Stanhope describes the amusing incident by which the Chancellor's cabals were first detected. "Thus," says Lord Stanhope, "used the story to be told by a late survivor from these times, my lamented friend, Mr. Thomas Grenville. One day when a council was to be held at Windsor, Thurlow had been there some time before any of his colleagues arrived. He was to be brought back to London in the carriage of one of them, and the moment of departure being come, the Chancellor's hat was nowhere to be found. After long search, one of the pages came running

up with the hat in his hand, and saying aloud, "My lord, I found it in the closet of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." The other ministers were still in the hall, waiting for their carriages, and the evident confusion of Lord Thurlow corroborated the inference which they drew.

WARNING TO TRADES UNIONISTS.—At the Marylebone Police-court, Mr. Leigh, in recently passing sentence on a picket-man, gave his reasons for dealing severely with him, in words which will commend themselves to every right-thinking working-man:—"Any person is perfectly at liberty to argue and advise for the purpose of inducing—although I think that upon such a matter it would be far better to desist even from that—but, when threats are adopted, the interference becomes of such magnitude as to render a salutary step against the offender absolutely imperative. Men have a right to work without fear of molestation, and at any price they please. The law expressly permits this, and each man is himself the best judge of what sum is remunerative and sufficient for the requirements of his wife and family. I am bound to protect men in the exercise of honest labour, and it is far more merciful to carry out the letter of the law without pause, than others may be warned against infringing it. I order you to be imprisoned for the full term under the Act—namely, three months, with hard labour."

ANECDOTE OF DR. YOUNG OF THE "NIGHT THOUGHTS."—In one of Cowper's letters to his cousin Lady Hesketh, (July 12th, 1765,) we find an interesting reference to the celebrated author of the "Night Thoughts." "Our mentioning Newton's 'Treatise on the Prophecies' brings to my mind an anecdote of Dr. Young, who, you know, died lately at Welwyn. Dr. Cotton (of St. Albans,) who was intimate with him, paid him a visit, about a fortnight before he was seized with his last illness. The old man was then in perfect health; the antiquity of his person, the gravity of his utterance, and the earnestness with which he discoursed about religion, gave him, in the doctor's eye, the appearance of a prophet. They had been delivering their sentiments upon this book of Newton's, when Young closed the conference thus:—"My friend, there are two considerations upon which my faith in Christ is built as upon a rock. The fall of man, the redemption of man, and the resurrection of man—the three cardinal articles of our religion, are such as human ingenuity could never have invented, therefore they must be divine. The other argument is this—if the prophecies have been fulfilled, of which there is abundant demonstration, Scripture must be the word of God; and if the Scripture is the word of God, Christianity must be true." Mr. Cowper then adds, as to Bishop Newton's book: "This treatise on the prophecies serves a double purpose; it not only proves the truth of religion in a manner that never has been, nor ever can be controverted, but it proves likewise that the Roman Catholic is the apostate and anti-Christian Church, so frequently foretold both in the Old and New Testaments. Indeed, so fatally connected is the refutation of Popery with the truth of Christianity, when the latter is evinced by the completion of the prophecies, that in proportion as light is thrown upon the one, the deformities and errors of the other are more plainly exhibited.

LUTHER AND A DYING STUDENT.—Luther once visited a dying student, and asked him what he thought he could take to God, in whose presence he was shortly to appear. The young man replied, "Everything that is good, dear father—everything that is good." Luther said, "But how can you bring him everything good, seeing that you are but a poor sinner?" The pious youth rejoined, "Dear father, I will take to my God in heaven a penitent, humble heart, sprinkled with the blood of Christ." "Truly," said Luther, "that is everything good. Then, go, dear son; you will be a welcome guest to God."



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